

THE OCALEEAN ENSIGN

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OCALA HIGH SCHOOL

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THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1918

We have finished the third quarter of this school term. That means that we have begun the last heat and let us make it a glorious one!

Where is our school spirit? Why can't the Ocala High School give a May Day Festival as the other schools of the state do. Everyone talk it up and let's have one!

The Ensign wants the support of the business men of this town. But we have no right to expect them to advertise in our paper unless we can patronize the advertiser. Let every student support those who advertise in the Ensign!

The Ocaleean Ensign is the Ocala High School Paper. It is the duty of every student in the school to support this paper. Everyone should have a subscription to it for the whole year. If you have not already subscribed, do so for the rest of the year. If you have subscribed already, buy another for someone else. The Ensign needs your support.

CONTRIBUTE

Other papers all remind us, We can make our own sublime, If our fellow schoolmates send us Contributions all the time. Here a little, there a little Story, school note, joke or jest; If you want a good school paper, Each of you must do your best.—Ex. Our paper needs good original jokes. If you hear one write it down so you won't forget it and give it to one of the members of the staff. Be sure to sign your name to it, as no joke, however original it may be, will be put into the Ensign unless it is signed. But please know that your name is not to be printed in the paper.

LAST DAYS OF LORD BACON

Passed to his reward across the seas in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and seventeen, Lord Brek Phast Bacon, aged several thousand years. The departed was a prominent national figure, being present as an honor guest at breakfasts all over the country and often figuring notably at informal teas and luncheons. His death was not unexpected, since for a long time he had been suffering from prohibition prices, a disease said to be due to present war conditions. Nevertheless, his departure from this side is mourned greatly by the housewives' clubs and local meat dealers, as well as by his less intimate associates, business men, school girls and small boys.

So sweet and tender was his nature that he was beloved even by pet dogs and pedigreed cats, who happened to come in contact with him. Although the delicious flavor of his wit will be greatly missed by friends, they are not inconsolable in their grief. They are exhibiting a remarkable stoical resignation, and in letters to their allies take comfort in the beautiful sentiment that our loss is their gain.

During his epicurean career Bacon was known to be closely allied with the wealthy Mademoiselle La Hen Egg, often sharing honors with her at the more fashionable breakfasts. His departure, however, has apparently not affected her popularity and social career, since she has been lately in company of our plebian, but prosperous and rising young fellow, C. H. Ese.

Bacon was a descendant of the famous S. Wine family, and could trace his ancestry back to the Peccaries of the Miocene age. He is survived by his cousins of the Pork family—C. H. Ops and young Ham.

Callie Gissendaner is the happy owner of a "bull pup" of the stone variety and whose sir name is "Nobody Loves Me." When Callie got this adorable little pup, she was expecting a real live one, but we will have to console her by telling her "Nobody Loves Me" is the cheapest to support during these hard times; anyway a real "bull pup" could never get accustomed to meatless Tuesdays.

STRANGLING THE SOLID SOUTH

(The following was written by the assistant principal of the O. H. S.)
Editor of the Ocala Banner: Your fair and reasonable attitude toward the woman suffrage question has emboldened me to seek the privilege of your columns to discuss a phase of the situation that seems to be giving our people some concern.

A few days ago our attention was attracted by scary headlines in some of the papers making the momentous and horrifying disclosure that Mrs. Belmont had exhorted the negro women to help to "strangle the solid south," or as one person excitedly translated it, "to strangle the white people of the south."

It seems strange that supposedly reasonable people would deliberately ask intelligent women—and men—to turn aside from a great established principle of human justice, supported by millions of high-minded, far-seeing patriotic men and women, because of the words of a few ill-advised persons connected with it! If this sort of logic be accepted as sound, then it could be established by the same process of reasoning that the democratic party itself is fundamentally wrong and bad, because such democrats as Stone, Vardaman, Chamberlain and others have spoken unadvisedly with their lips! Such reasoning may be—no doubt, is—excellent campaign thunder, but I do not believe that intelligent men and women can fail to recognize it as camouflage. Southern women are fast getting to that point where Fourth of July style of oratory no longer appeals to them, but they demand that public statements be backed up by facts—facts that can be subjected to laboratory processes of investigation and still remain facts.

It would really seem that the "vicious negro woman vote" as an objection to woman suffrage has had its day, and the reading public which depends on its newspaper for fair, unprejudiced information on both sides of a great public question, should know the truth with regard to this venerable bugaboo.

According to statistics quoted and accepted in Congress recently, there are 8,788,996 white women of voting age in the south, and about 4,000,000 negro women of like age. The southern white women therefore would outnumber the negro women by nearly 5,000,000 votes. The negro men and women of voting age in the south, counted together, number about 8,200,000. So it can be seen at a glance that if the right of suffrage should be extended to the southern women, white and black, southern white supremacy would be strengthened by an increase of more than 4,500,000 votes, and that important matter put beyond even a threat of danger from the negro vote.

This being true, at this critical stage in our history, when hundreds of thousands of our best and bravest men are being called out of the country for an indefinite period, many of them never to return, it would seem but a matter of sound, common sense as well as justice, to put into the hands of the women they leave behind the ballot—that quickest, most efficient means of dealing with the heavy social and economic burdens that they will have to bear. The men of New York state realized the wisdom of this step and last fall voted in overwhelming numbers that their women should have the freedom and protection afforded by the ballot. Why should the southern men be less just and chivalrous? I do not believe that they will be if they will only begin to study the question seriously.

At all events, let us look at the facts of the case, and stop confusing the issue by shedding crocodile tears of sentimentality at one time and trying to wave a "raw head and bloody bones" that doesn't exist, at another. Yours truly,

Isabel Stuart Mays,
Wage Earner and Taxpayer.

Many of the high school girls and boys are planning on attending Miss Anne Moorhead's marriage on Easter Monday. Miss Moorhead is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moorhead. Her home has been in Ocala for a number of years. While attending school here she made many friends, both young and old, who regretted to see her leave our school with the class of 1916, but who regret more to see her leave our city with Mr. James Lawrence Kelly Jr. Mr. J. L. Kelly Jr. is the son of Dr. J. L. Kelly of Gainesville. He attended the University of Florida and later made his home in the University City. The high school joins Miss Moorhead's many friends in congratulations and wishes that her married life will be the happiest, "a heaven on earth."

Miss Pitchford: "Walter, what does 'voco' mean?"

Walter: "I believe that's the word that Reggie knows."

Sarah (English class): Is a serial a novel or a short story?

Allen: It's a breakfast food like cream of wheat or something.

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AN ENJOYABLE PROGRAM

The joint program last Monday was enjoyed by all the pupils in spite of the fact that the piano had a bad cold and refused to give forth sound. The subject being St. Patrick's Day, the program was made very interesting. The dialogue between Pat and Mike by Lamar Barnett and Fred Winer added wit and humor. Especially interesting was the reading given by Carolynne Borden which was almost forgotten by the secretary.

The program was as follows:
Song—Believe Me if all Those Endearing Young Charms—School.
The Origin of St. Patrick's Day—Francis Talbott.
Dialogue between Pat and Mike—Lamar Barnett and Fred Winer.
Song—Mixed Quartet.
Paper on Home Rule—Cevie Roberts.

Question Box—Allan Holinrake.
Reading, "Erin's Flag,"—Dixonia Roberts.
Song—Male Quartet.
Reading, "An Irish Philosopher,"—Carolynne Borden.

It would be very helpful to the society if we had a literary critic. One is needed very badly.

Francis T.: "What does XL stand for."
Teacher: "40."
Francis: "Oh, yes! It's 10-40."
Teacher: "No, 50-10."

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